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THE REAL

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# GHOSTBUSTERS™



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**S**qwaarrkk! Raak! Raaak! Sqwaaarrkk! No, a stray Pterodactyl hasn't just unleashed itself upon an unsuspecting present-day Earth. It's just the terrible noise of that bothersome paranormal parrot. Not just any old ghostly bird either, for it is, in fact, the squawking apparitional spook **Robinson Gruesome!** Then, as you will have noticed from this week's cover, doorways feature greatly in our text story, **Ghostman's Knock!** Is this just an ordinary door to lead you off the supernatural scent, or is it a portal to another horrifying dimension? Well, that would be telling, wouldn't it boys and girls! Then, amongst all the usual bits and pieces... Yes! It's Part Three of **Ghostbusters II - the Film!** Be sure to watch out for next week's ghostly goody-bag because it's the **Christmas Issue**, no less. Yo ho ho!

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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDEMORE

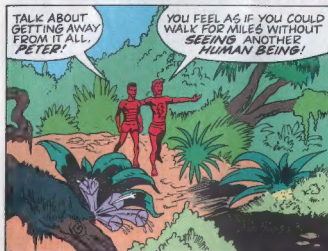


JANINE  
MELNITZ

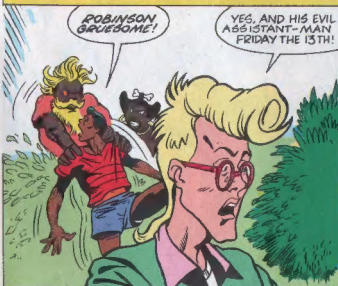
SLIMER



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



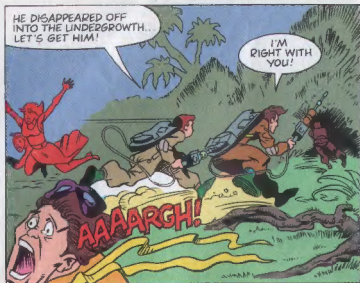
## ROBINSON GRUESOME!

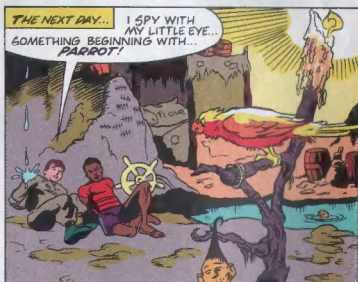
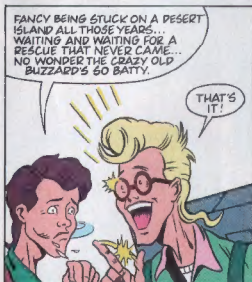




LATER...









THAT NIGHT...

WE'RE GOING TO LURE GRUESOME OUT TONIGHT WITH A FAKE RESCUE! EGO'S RIGGING UP AN IMITATION SHIP, AND THOSE SPOOKS WILL RUN STRAIGHT INTO HIS ARMS!



WELL, EGO'S SURE TAKING HIS TIME.

HEY-LOOK AT THIS, GUYS!

WOW! EGO'S REALLY EXCELLED HIMSELF THIS TIME!



AND THERE GO GRUESOME AND FRIDAY!

IT WORKED LIKE A DREAM!



NEXT DAY...

SIGH! OLD GRUESOME LOOKED SO HAPPY WHEN HE THOUGHT HE WAS BEING RESCUED. I KINDA FEEL SORRY FOR THE GUY!

HEY! HERE'S EGO.

WHAT CAN I SAY GUYS? I'M SORRY I LET THE TEAM DOWN! I CAME DOWN WITH ONE OF THOSE 24 HOUR TROPICAL BUGS, AND I COULDN'T ARRANGE ANYTHING!



I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE THE WHOLE THING UNTIL TONIGHT!

WHAT?



WHAT'S WRONG?

YOU TELL HIM!

NO, YOU TELL HIM!

LIKE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL HIM!



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

It's all very well for you to shudder at the thought of ghosts, as you sit reading this Guide in the comfort of your favourite hammock (I assume for the sake of argument that you are in your favourite hammock... if said item is in the wash, then forgive my presumption and use your imagination a bit). Just think for a moment how much more ghastly the Supernatural is when encountered miles from anywhere in an isolated wilderness cut off from the rest of mankind (and no, Horengewip, I don't mean Leytonstone). I'm talking about ghosts in places like desert islands, where there's no place to run to, and no phone to call us from! Imagine being a castaway on a *haunted* atoll? SPOOKY! And believe me, it can happen!

### ONE FOOT WRONG

Travel-weary wanderer Robertson Trudeau was more than a little peeved to find himself shipwrecked on the utterly and completely deserted island of... well, of nothing. It was so remote, it hadn't even got a name. Trudeau searched around for materials to build a boat with and so escape his solitude, but the island was completely bare. There weren't even any trees. All he could find was a sack of artichokes, three



## PART 80

small feathers, a coathanger and a paperweight. Trudeau despaired of his plan to build a boat. Then he discovered he was not alone on the island. There was somebody else there! He realised this the moment he found the footprint on the beach. He didn't have any trouble finding the footprint – seeing that it was eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide, he rather stumbled upon it by accident. It's amazing just how many thousands of miles of open ocean you can cover in a dinghy made of artichokes and a paperweight lashed to a coathanger frame by feathers.

### DESERT ISLAND SLIPPED DISCS

Doddington Pluto was pla-

gued for all the six years of his castawaydom by a ghost of a fellow castaway who'd put his back out trying to crawl up the beach whilst holding on to his eight records, his bible and his big encyclopedias.

### ONE HE MADE EARLIER

Hobartson Ludo suffered from much the same predicament as poor old Robertson Trudeau mentioned earlier. The island he was washed up on was not only devoid of any materials with which to build a boat, but was also haunted by the most dreadful demons. Thankfully for Ludo, two extraordinary pieces of good fortune coincided on the third day when:

- 1) the sea washed up his ship's cargo of nineteen thousand washing-up liquid bottles and seventy rolls of sticky back plastic, and
- 2) Ludo had a dream about Blue Peter.

### A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS

Annette Norman of the Ocean Consumer Department has just rung me up to point out how good the Pacific Ocean is, cubic foot by cubic foot. Whilst the Atlantic, she told me, had washed up four hundred castaways, the Pacific had managed over twice as many. Good old mild, green Pacific Ocean!



**A. A SPOONFUL OF 'KNORR  
MYSTERIES OF THE DEEP' SOUP.**

Dive into your favourite flavours, chicken, tomato or vegetable. Who knows what else is lurking for you down there?



**Knorr** Mysteries of the Deep soup. Eat or be eaten.

# GHOSTMAN'S KNOCK!



Story JOHN FREEMAN ⓪ Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and DAVE HARWOOD

## A strange knocking on the doors of HQ! A mysterious message telling of an unknown fate! What could it all mean?

It was a quiet, normal day just like any other at Ghostbusters HQ. Well, if three busted paranormal octopuses, fourteen para-demons in a refrigerator on 77th Street and a large plank of animated wood in Soho could be called *quiet* events. Winston shoved the Ghost Trap containing the still squealing octopuses into the Ecto Containment Chamber and stretched his arms, yawning. For him it was a very quiet day.

"Aaaaaaaagh!" came a shout from upstairs. "So much for quiet!" muttered Winston, sprinting up the stairs from the cellar two at a time.

In Janine's office, Peter was standing, stock still, staring, pale faced at a strange piece of green paper. An envelope had fallen to the floor, which even now was disappearing into smoke. "What is it?" asked Winston. "The electricity bill?" "It's a death threat," Peter replied as Egon, Ray and Slimer, dropped to the floor from the fire pole. Both Egon and Ray were kitted up and ready for anything, Proton Guns in hand.

"A death threat?" said Winston. "Well, that's nothing new. Only last week Shazalbak the Utterly Underrated was screaming that he'd disincorporate all of us -"

"- just before Egon used *Tobin's Spirit Guide* to turn him into a fire hydrant. Yes, I know we've had threats before," stammered Peter, leaning on Janine's desk. "Those were chicken feed compared with this!"

"Someone read it out then," said Ray. "Ghostbusteree! Waurnininz fobblee debbles ob beyonder -"

"Not you, Slimer," said Egon, taking the paper from Peter's hand. "Hmm. Seems that our Final Fate will knock on our door today..."

KNOCK! KNOCK! came a hammering on the front door. Peter dived behind

Janine's desk. "You answer it, Egon," he said. "You've got a way with Final Fates!"

Egon strode up to the door and prepared to open it. Then he heard a wailing noise, like the sound of a thousand demons crying from the depths of hell.

"Winston - isn't it your turn to open the door?" Egon asked.

"My turn? Since when did we have turns to open the door?!" replied Winston, reaching for his Proton Gun. "Well, okay - but someone else does it next time." Carefully, quietly, Winston opened the small door in the main gate of Ghostbusters HQ. "About time!" snapped a red-faced, helmeted figure, thrusting an Express Mail package into his hands. "I've got to get my motorbike to the garage and you were holding me up. It sounds like a thousand demons wailing from the depths of hell!"

"Just what I was going to say," said Ray, taking the package from Winston, who closed the door again. "Wow! My new Do-It-Yourself Soldering and Tinkering book has arrived. I-"

KNOCK! KNOCK! went the door, with a sound of twenty thousand giant beetles sucking straws behind it. "Your turn," said Winston, thrusting Peter at the door. Peter carefully opened the door to find -

"Trick or treat, mister?" said a little boy, holding up his hand and grinning at Peter through a ghost mask. "It's December, pal," snarled Peter. "I know what I'll treat you to if you don't get out of here!"

He slammed the door shut.

KNOCK KNOCK! went the door. Peter threw it open. "I thought I told you -" and squealed faintly. There in front of him was the largest, ugliest, fire-breathing, ghastly smelling demon he'd ever seen. "I'm starting a new special day



for monsters," said the demon. "When I say 'Trick or Treat', it's you who suffers the choice, not me!"

"There's not a lot of demand for new special days around here just now," replied Peter. "We're waiting for our Final Fate right now. Could you come back on Thursday?"

"Pathetic, soft skinned, weak-kneed humans!" stormed the demon.

"Choose!"

"How about 'or'?" suggested Ray, helpfully, stepping back a few feet.

"Ha!" said the demon. "Clever, but no sugar. Choose!"

"Oh, treat then," said Peter before anyone could stop him. In a flash, all four Ghostbusters and Slimer were in the middle of a windy, scorching desert three hundred and twenty miles from the nearest service station.

"This is not my idea of a treat!" shouted Peter, his mouth filling with sand.

"It is to the demon," replied Egon. "They love sandy deserts. At least it isn't our Final Fate though!"

"Having Fun?" said a sand djinn, who just happened to be in the neighbourhood. "This is my patch. If you don't clear off now —"

"You'll what?" said Peter, angrily.

Two seconds later the Ghostbusters and Slimer found themselves in a giant clam at the bottom of the Pacific. "Big mouth," moaned Ray. Peter kicked the shell. "Nodo thattee!" wailed Slimer, but it was too late. The clam started to open and water began to pour in, along with an angry water sprite with a strange pendant for silly hats who'd been sleeping nearby.

"What a silly —" began Peter, and found himself face down in a snowdrift, half way up Mount Everest. "Brilliant, Peter," said Egon. "I don't know how you do it," "It's my natural good looks and healthy living," Peter replied, brushing snow off him and removing a large furry hand from his shoulder. "I just hate the

paranormal," he added, looking up and smiling weakly at the very angry Yeti that started growling at him. "Present company excepted, of course," he grinned, shortly before they were all transported again from the Yeti.

This time, the five of them were hanging from poles above an open fire in some unidentifiable land. Savages danced around them, wailed at Slimer and chanted very bad lyrics. "So that's where Kylie Minogue gets her ideas from," said Peter as he was prodded with a stick.

KNOCK! KNOCK! came a familiar sound from a hut nearby. The savages ran away, squealing in terror. A large red blob with purple spots for its mouth and eyes rolled out of the tent and wandered slowly up to Peter. "I'm not even going to bother listening to your insults," it said in an Oxford accent. "GO AWAY!"

In a second, the Ghostbusters were back at HQ, none the worse for wear (except Ray had lost a boot, but there was nothing unusual in that). "We're back! We're safe!" shouted Peter, dancing round the room with Slimer. "But what about our Final Fate?" said Winston, as Egon picked up a note that had been slid under the front door.

"Called but you were out," he read, "Be back later, your Final Fate."

"How much later?" Ray asked.

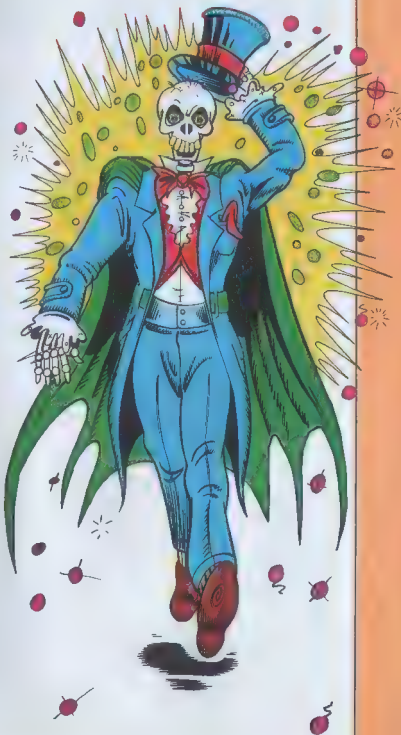
"With the paranormal, anything between four thousand years and right now," Egon began. KNOCK! KNOCK! went the door. It swung open, ominously. "Are you going to help me with these groceries or not?" exclaimed Janine, struggling with several shopping bags. "Why has Peter passed out on the floor? . . ."



# REVOLTING RESTAURANTEUR

This Class four Free-roaming phantom was, unlikely as it may seem, the owner and manager of a small restaurant named the O.K. Tea Shoppe. The O.K. stood for his name, Oliver Knight and the Tea Shoppe stood for Tea Shoppe, for it was, in fact, a purveyor of gastronomic delights, catering for culinary sentimentalists in an Olde Worlde manner.

Now Oliver had been the owner of a restaurant in England and had emigrated to America one hundred and forty years ago. Not only did he have the essential culinary credentials, the love of food and the desire to make convenience and junk food a thing of the past, but he also had an eye for a natty outfit. These were useless in the face of an attack from The Real Ghostbusters and poor Oliver was accused of having sub-standard Health and Safety arrangements in his kitchen. He thus disappeared, totally shame-faced, to the great cauldron in the sky.



# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



One of the strangest, ghostly sightings that has ever been recorded must be the case of two seamen who died whilst sailing on an oil tanker named the *Waterton*.

The tanker was on its way to Panama from California on December 2, 1929, when the two men, James Courtney and Michael Meehan died by asphyxiation from fumes while they were working below the deck of the vessel.

The whole crew of the ship were deeply shocked and saddened for the men were amongst the most popular on board the ship. One of their colleagues had been noted as saying, "Somehow they made everyone feel good."

Tus every person on the ship deeply mourned their loss the following

day when James and Michael were given a burial at sea.

The loss was to prove extremely shortlived, however. The day after the burial two forms were sighted swimming in the open sea. As the tanker slowed down and drew level with the swimmers, Captain Tracy peered at them through his binoculars and uttered the phrase that spoke volumes - "Oh, my God!"

As the startled witnesses looked on at the figures, they slowly faded before their eyes and then suddenly reappeared in the water about forty feet away from the ship. There was not a shadow of doubt about it ... the two figures were Courtney and Meehan!

This was very odd indeed, for the bodies had been meticulously weighted before they had been dropped into

the sea. Thus it was clear that what they were seeing were the ghostly forms of the two men!

The crew were terrified at first, but it became clear after they had been swimming alongside for three days that they were quite harmless. In fact, at one point they seemed to try and steer the ship away from an approaching storm.

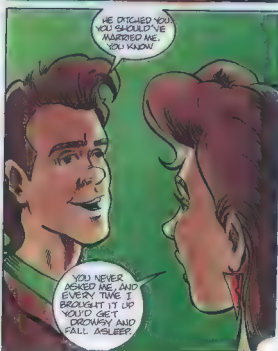
When the ship had reached its destination, Tracy reported the incident and was asked to provide filmed proof on the return voyage. At first they thought the ghosts weren't going to appear, but suddenly, there they were. The photographs were taken and once developed, there, on the final negative, were two pale forms in the waves! Aaaaarrrgggh!

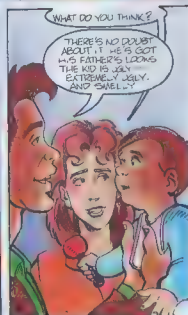
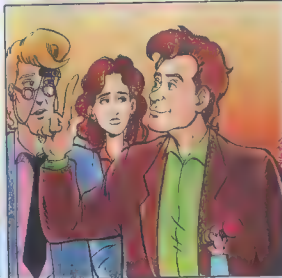
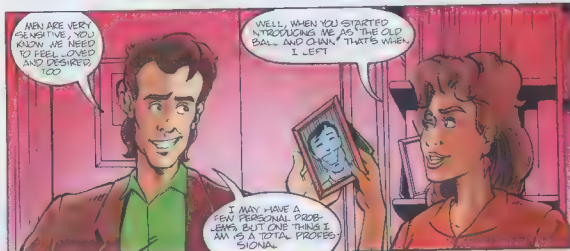


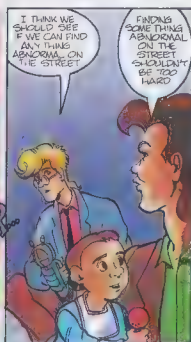


# GH<sup>ST</sup>BUSTERS II

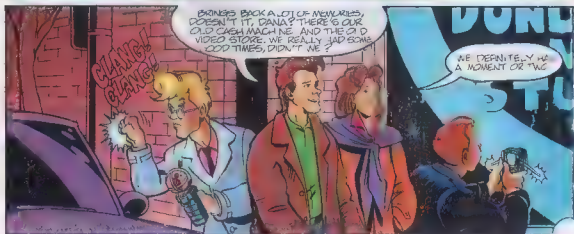
## PART THREE.







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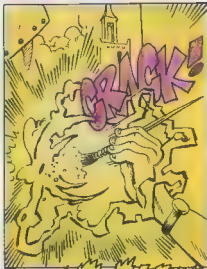








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# GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Howdy there, siblings. Thanks for all your letters. We're getting snowed under here at HQ, but I'm answering as many as is humanly possible. That's not easy when you're on call to deal with all things inhuman twenty-four hours a day!

**Dear Peter. . .**

I have a couple of questions to ask you,

1. Can ghosts write?
  2. Do ghosts eat other ghosts?
- Ciaran Murray, Monaghan

*These are two very interesting points of the paranormal which you have raised here, Ciaran. 1. Ghosts most certainly can write and in several different and spooky ways, too. For example, they can write in a conventional way, as you or I would, only they tend to do it with a degree of supernatural style. Remember Vincent Van Splish? Perhaps the most spooky way, though, is the*

*phenomena whereby spirits write using humans by possession, generally known as 'automatic writing'. 2. Cannibal ghosts? Yeuch! I don't remember ever doing business lunch with such a case!*

I have some questions to ask you:

1. What is your favourite book?
2. What is Winston's favourite book?
3. What is Ray's favourite book?
4. What is Egon's favourite book?

— Neil Clements, Bristol

*Nice bit of variation there, Neil! 1. 'A To Z Heavy Rock Almanac'. 2. 'Wuthering Heights'. 3. 'Dippy Dog Meets the King Bunny'. 4. 'Tobin's Spirit Guide'.*

Do you like Slimer? If not, why don't you bust him? Also, have you ever busted a vampire?

— Julian Dean, Scunthorpe

*Haven't I heard this question somewhere before? Have you any idea the number of cruel and heartless people who have suggested such a thing to me? In reality, the others would never forgive me! We have busted a vampire or two in our careers and I can tell you, it wasn't pretty. I hate the sight of blood!*

How did you get the Marshmallow Man in the Containment Unit? He is so very big.

— Sean Colton, Trowbridge

*Two answers. Firstly, Mr Stay Puft was only a single manifestation of the Destructor called up by Gozer. The actual spirit of the Destructor could be any size. Secondly, the Containment Unit is bigger on the inside than it is on the outside!*

1. Does the Proton Pack zap people as well as ghosts?
  2. My sister said that every issue's 'Dead True!' has given her nightmares!
- Kapil Boodhoo, Hereford

*1. We thought not until ECTO-X, our not-so-trusty robotic buster decided to zap us and we ended up in a Ghost Trap. Talk about learning the hard way! Nowadays we try to be a bit more careful if people are around on a bust. 2. Good, that's what I like to hear! A good scare never did anybody any harm!*

Please could you answer my questions:

1. Do you like Janine?
2. Do you snore?
3. My sister says that I love you and I say that she loves Egon. She says that she loves Winston, however. What should I do?

— Charlotte Hays, Sandiacre

*1. Of course I do! Janine is not only indispensable, but she is a wonderful person, too. (Underneath that hard exterior, that is!) 2. How should I know, I'm usually asleep when things like that happen! 3. If I were you, I would go see a qualified doctor.*

**Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2**



# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2



What do zombies have for breakfast?  
*Brain flakes!*  
— Kenneth Brown, Melrose

Why did the bird cross the road?  
*To get a bird's eye view!*  
— James Sia, Liverpool

What do elephants in a Mini play?  
*Squash!*  
— Julie Nugent, Maryland

What do you get if you walk under a cow?  
*A pat on the head!*  
— Graham Smith, Portsmouth

Why did the skeleton run up a tree?  
*Because a dog was after his bones!*  
— Michael Reid, Saltcoats

What goes bump in the night?  
*Two ghosts having a fight!*  
— Paul Hooper, Birmingham

MARVEL

# GH**OST**BUSTERS II

## FILM SPECIAL



### ► The Story



### ► The Stars



### ► The Effects

### ► The Locations

Everything  
you wanted  
to know but  
were AFRAID  
to ask!



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SPECIAL



in Rose



## SCARE BEARS COMPETITION RESULTS

Remember the **Scare Bears Monster Party Books Competition** back in issue seventy-two? Well, here's the results. Well done to all those who got the answers right and congratulations to those fifty lucky winners. If your luck wasn't in this time, then try our next **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** Competition!

The correct answers were:

- Number 1 was **Were Bear**.
- Number 2 was **Bone Bear**.
- Number 3 was **Count Ted**.
- Number 4 was **Tuten Bear**.
- Number 5 was **Quasi Bear**.
- Number 6 was **Frankie Bear**.
- Number 7 was **Boo Bear**.
- Number 8 was **Medusa Bear**.

The two made-up names were **Zombie Bear** and **Witch Bear**.

The winners were:

**James Browning**, Cornwall. **Aidan Robinson**, Pre-

stwich. **Lee Lovell**, Yeaton. **Peter Meyrick**, Bedworth. **Richard Flynn**, Brighthouse. **Tom Anderson**, Hartlepool. **Anon.**, Bradley Bulston. **Jackson Nutt**, Larkhall. **Paul Davis**, Aldershot. **James Pottinger**, Cirencester. **Christopher Collins**, Hedon. **Yvonne Barnes**, Darlington. **Joseph Oxley**, St. Helens. **Richard Thomas**, Torquay. **Wayne Redshaw**, Starchley. **Sean Gilliat**, Market Rasen. **Gavin Garmston**, Hull. **Damian Headford**, Curnaman. **Andrew Hughes**, Kirkcaldy. **Gareth Jones**, Saltash. **David Adamson**, Auchterarder. **Christopher Murphy**, Bridgend. **Simon Gorrod**, Grimsby. **Alistair Newman**, Swindon. **Andrew Whitton**, Eastleigh. **Ian Lowry**, Bangor. **Warren Galloway**, Thornhill. **Neil Carroll**, Burbage. **Tom Vickers**, Woodstock. **Jonathan McGonigal**, Stevenston. **Derrick Jones**, Luton. **Adam Hunt**, Lincoln. **James Webbling**, Greenford. **Anon.**, Gower. **Aaron Butcher**, Cottenham. **Antony Jones**, Leeds. **Dean Bain**, Aberdeen. **Tony Charlton**, Eltham. **Timothy Szostak**, Netherfield. **Anthony Hodge**, Middlesbrough. **Stephen West**, Worthing. **Philip Burke**, Southend-on-Sea. **Alice Bell**, Birkenshaw. **Laura Cameron**, Harrietsham. **Lee Bentley**, Stockport. **Julia Maughan**, Market Harborough. **Anthony Burgess**, Porthill. **Simon Pomey**, Buxton. **Joshua Macabuag**, Romford. **Neil Pollock**, Clevedon.